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The Satirical valentine writer

London

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THE

SATIRICAL

Valentine Writer,

BEING A

COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL

SATIRICAL VERSES,

Written expressly for this Work,

ON

VARIOUS CHARACTERS,

CALCULATED TO MEET THE IDEAS

OF ALL

DESCRIPTION OF WRITERS.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. FAIRBURN
110, MINORIES.

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FALSE LOVE.

THE

SATIRICAL
Valentine Writer,

From a Lady to a Gentleman fond of taking Snuff.

WHY send me such detested stuff?
Why didn't you take a pinch of snuff
T' assist your brains?
You did, perhaps, but all in vain—
There is a lack of brains, 'tis plain—
Not one remains.

From a Gentleman to a Short Lady.

INSECTS, we understand, incline
T' abide in places like their hue—
Choose then a little Valentine—
For one that's tall will never do.

Suppose, dear ma'am, that I were thine,
We'd be the laughing stock of some—
They'd call me Giant Valentine,
And thee they'd call the Hop o' my Thumb.

From a Lady to a Short Gentleman.

I HAD your lines, and do believe,
You scented them all over;
To tell the truth, I'll not receive
A Lilliputian lover.

I wish, indeed, that I had been
About six inches smaller;
Then on thy arm I'd fondly lean,
Nor wish thee to be taller.

From a Gentleman to a Satirical Lady.

I HATE a girl that's witty,
In jesting, spite can lurk;
I think it is a pity
She has no needle-work.

All those sarcastic lasses,
Of scandal have their fill;
Their malice so surpasses,
What characters they kill!

From a Lady to a Gentleman, not remarkable for Erudition.

WHO can such stuff approve?
You're quizzing me—I know it.
You're not inspir'd by love,
Nor are you born a poet.

Oh, go to school—for shame!
A dunce, your metre shows it!
Your Valentine's so lame,
I'll certainly expose it.

From a Lady to a Gentleman, who thinks himself a great Spouter or Dramatist.

YOU'RE learning *How to die for Love*,
You're learning *Giovanni in London*;
The *Gay Deceivers* none approve,
By them *The Orphan* oft is undone.

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The Hypocrite, The Miser, who
When any bargain comes will strike it;
I'll bid the *Weathercock* adieu,
So like my scrawl—'tis—*As you like it.*

From a Gentleman to a Lady fond of Plays.

YOU'RE *The Spoil'd Child,* you're *Polly Honeycomb—*
The Romp, but not *The Prize;*
Don't think I tarry until money come,
For *Riches* I despise.
The Soldier's Daughter—The Maid o' th' Mill—
Oh, such my heart shall rule,
Who ne'er like *The Capricious Lady* will
Be frowning on *John Bull.*

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

I FOR acceptance send this line,
Endors'd it shall be, my divine;
Hereby you'll promise that you'll pay
A loving kiss on Valentine's day.

Answer from the Lady.

YOUR bill's dishonor'd—it is bad;
Value receiv'd I never had;
Hereby, I hope, you'll understand,
I give no kisses on demand.

From a Scholastic Gentleman to a Lady.

YOU are an adjective, you'll own,
And therefore cannot stand alone;
I am the noun which governs thee;
In case and gender you agree.

Answer from the Lady.

THE noun you mean is understood,
But use not the potential mood;
I do not think we shou'd agree—
No—a false concord it wou'd be.

From a Lady to a Dandy.

IF that you want a Valentine,
A stay-maker pray seek;
She'll make your shape both slim and fine,
And cover too your cheek.

But I pursue a different plan,
A milk-sop I can't bear;
My Valentine shall be—a man,
Who can protect the fair.

Another.

I OWN one merit had your lines,
They were quite short enough;
The common run of Valentines,
A little harmless stuff.

Dandies wear glasses now-a-days,
No use for them they find;
They see not their own foolish ways,
For to their faults they're blind.

To a Lady.

WERE I to say my heart is gone,
I shou'd indeed the truth deny;
Were I to say you are the one
Who stole't, 'twou'd be another lie.

From a Lady to a Man of Fashion.

A MAN of fashion runs, they say,
After all girls in town—
He runs in debt, then runs away,
And such I must run down.

From a Gentleman to a Lady who uses Paint in profusion.

I THOUGHT you were surpassing fair,
I thought, indeed, you were divine;
And to myself, did I declare,
I had got a charming Valentine.

But beauty's false, we must suppose,
A mask, which ladies oft put on—
Their colour always comes and goes,
Comes in the morn—at night 'tis gone.

From a Gentleman in the Army to a Lady.

"NONE but the brave deserve the fair,"
My courage, trust me, is not gone;
For action I shall soon prepare,
When my commander cries, "Come on."

From a Gentleman in the Navy to a passionate Lady.

THY love I'm afraid is a quicksand,
I'm sure you wou'd cause a rough sea,
And to Davy Jones, that's Old Nick, send
The sailor who falls in with thee.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

LADY, I have lost my heart—
Have you found the stranger?
Oh, so very great the smart,
May be 'tis in danger.

The Lady's Answer.

GENTLE Sir, you've lost your wits,
What, pray, are you after?
These are one of your love-fits,
Causing fits of laughter.

From a Gentleman to a very sprightly Lady.

I PRAY be for a moment quiet,
I think you will profit by it;
A Valentine, my dear, I send you,
But trust that it may not offend you.

I therefore beg my fair to read it;
There is advice—I hope she'll heed it;
If gaiety from prudence wander,
Then scandal will be sure to brand her.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

YOUR art in riddles I shall prove,
Oh, then riddle-me-ree—
A letter's full of words and love—
What can that letter be?

The Lady's Answer.

YOUR riddle I shall soon define,
Indeed, 'tis plain enough;
The letter is a Valentine,
That's often full of stuff.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

OH, my charming fair surpasses,
She's an angel—she's divine;
Be not one of the shy lasses,
Say you'll be my Valentine.

Love, I'm sure, has many martyrs,
And, I swear, if you're not mine,
I shall hang in my own garters,
Then good bye, dear Valentine.

The Lady's Answer.

EVERY body, Sir, that sees me,
Knows that I am not divine;
Certainly you mean to quiz me,
Get another Valentine.

From a Lady to a Gentleman on receiving a Present.

I'VE got your present, and declare,
It is of love a sign—
In time it will be worse for wear,
And love in time decline.

From a Gentleman to a Lady as occasion may require.

I THINK you very neat and handy,
But it is whisper'd that you're bandy;
I'll see you soon, as I adore must,
And pray then put your best leg foremost.

From a Gentleman to a Lady who has bad Teeth.

YOU have one fault, I tell you plain,
No remedy you can obtain,
Except you from a dentist get,
Of teeth, an artificial set.
Whene'er you laugh, I am in pain,
Then open not your mouth again;
And if a cough or other cause,
Unluckily expose your jaws,
For fear the curious may explore it,
I pray you keep your hand before it.

From a Lady to a Gentleman on the same occasion.

DON'T ask for kisses, or you must
The donor certainly disgust;
And I assure you, 'pon my honor,
I'll not be that disgusted donor.

From a Gentleman to a proud Lady.

YOU think you are divine,
A beauty I suppose;
At every Valentine,
The lady cocks her nose.

This empty pride decline,
For ignorance it shows;
You'll get a Valentine,
Who'll wring perhaps your nose.

From a Lady to a proud Gentleman.

THERE'S danger, it must be allow'd,
In choosing one that's very proud,
For egotism is always loud,
And vanity a sin;
His Valentine, tho' flesh and blood,
He may, when in an angry mood,
Pronounce a beggar, tho' as good,
As he or all his kin.

From a Gentleman to a Brunette.

THOU art a beauty, I declare,
In my eyes thou'rt surpassing fair,
Then why my charmer frown?
Thou art my captivating lass,
And whensoe'er I fill a glass,
I'll toast the girl that's brown.

From a Lady to a Gentleman on receiving a Cak and Valentine.

YOU sent me, Sir, a cake, all show,
A Valentine t' extol;
But I'm no child; some years ago,
I laid aside my doll.

To your flatt'ry and haranguing,
I shall quickly put a check—
Well I know the threat of hanging,
Is to hang about my neck.

From a Lady to an Elderly Gentleman

As Valentines are your delight,
I sit down, the present to write,
And candidly tell you, that when
You can from your age of three score,
Subtract about twenty or more,
Your Valentine I shall be then.

From a Gentleman to an Old Maid.

OH, when a young and blooming lass,
Why let the precious moments pass,
Why not make hay in the sun's glow?
You now are old—'bout fifty-three,
And very much I fear you'll be
A leader of vile apes below.

From a Lady to a Coxcomb.

YOU say that you love only me,
And that no other you adore;
Go to your glass—perhaps you'll see
A face you love a great deal more.

By every girl, it must be known,
'Tis for yourself you live;
Can he, who loves himself alone,
Pretend he has a heart to give?

Another.

I HATE a fop,
And a milk-sop,
Who can the *thing* extol?
Indeed, a child,
May be beguil'd,
And think it is a doll.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

I SEND you a green bag of papers,
To keep away the spleen and vapours:
You'll find in them whate'er you wish,
Pains, Penalties, a Dainty Dish—
The Matrimonial Ladder—nay,
A dance for driving care away:
But pray be mute, and do not brag,
You've let the cat out of the bag:
Don't tell, by any words or signs,
I've sent a bag of Valentines.

From a Lady to a Bow-Legged Gentleman.

OH, wear large trowsers—'tis a plan
Best suits a bow-legged gentleman;
I'd almost swear (be in no passion)
'Twas such a one set up that fashion;
Your legs are odious—only view them,
A wheel-barrow cou'd sure go thro' them;
If ever Valentine you make me,
It is to Bow Church you shall take me.

From a Gentleman to a Lady that Squints.

YOU say you will not ease my pain,
You will not love requite;
You look upon me with disdain,
I know you can't see right.

My Valentine indeed declares,
She cannot bear my sight;
When she foregoes those foolish airs,
I'll say she then sees right.

From a Lady to a Gentleman on the same occasion.

YOU never look'd straight at me yet,
You know not the charms that may strike;
A full view you never can get,
Because that your sight is oblique.

That Valentine I shall deny,
Who never looks one in the face;
Oh, then, with your eyes, turn awry,
Another shall soon fill your place.

From a Gentleman to a Lady who has lost one Eye.

Oh, do not my passion deride,
Oh, do not my offer decline;
I come not upon your blind side,
To tamper my dear Valentine.

Oh, then, make me happy and glad,
You'll find the advantage anon,
For I am as honest a lad,
As e'er your one eye you clapp'd on.

From a Lady to a Gentleman on the same occasion.

If that my Valentine you be,
'Tis hoped for by my Muse,
That you'll but half my errors see,
Which half, you must excuse.

Whene'er you give your heart away,
I hope you will be kind,
And not in cruel language say,
That you were wholly blind.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

I hear your conduct much offends,
With menials you make free;
I hear you scandalize your friends,
Whenever drinking tea.

In the lewd waltz you can appear,
And dance with all mankind;
In every fellow that comes near,
A Valentine you find.

The Lady's Answer.

WHAT base backbiter have you met?
A false Italian, pray?
By-and-by you'll find he will forget,
And all his lies unsay.

Were there no ears for wicked lies,
Backbiters then wou'd cease;
That man, who listens to such spies,
Can never hope for peace.

From a Quaker to a Female.

FRIEND Valentine,
Will thou be mine?
——Yea, verily, I love thee;
Ah, I'll be thine,
Friend Valentine;
——Ah, doth the flesh then move thee?
Friend Valentine,
I send a line,
It seemeth meet to prove thee;
I love thee, yea,
Then don't say nay,
For, verily, I love thee.

From a Gentleman in the Law to a Lady.

DEAR Valentine thy fears dispel,
Nor grieve, I to the law belong;
You think that lawyers go to hell,
Because they argue right or wrong.

Like others we've our chance, and so
The saying rises from mere grudge;
No doubt to hell all those will go,
Who bribe a witness and prejudge.

From a Lady to a Gentleman in the Law.

YOUR heart, they say, no love refines,
You're wicked, and you fill with awe;
Yet when the fair want Valentines,
They are content to go to law.

Whereas I want not one—to wit—
I'm in no hurry I affirm;
The aforesaid may deem it fit,
To put the case off till next term.

From a Gentleman to a Religious Lady.

I INSIST that love's divine,
'Therefore be my Valentine;
'Tis religious—don't decline
A religious Valentine.

Jacob did for Rachel pine,
She was Jacob's Valentine·
Seven years, which seem'd days nine,
Serv'd he for his Valentine.

When he'd Leah, by design,
'Stead of his dear Valentine,
Sev'n years more he didn't decline,
For his loving Valentine.

Oh, consent then, to be mine,
My religious Valentine,
And a blessing you'll assign,
To your loving Valentine.

From a gay Gentleman to a Lady.

YOU'RE a fine
Valentine,
But you're very nice, indeed,
I'm aware,
You'll declare,
Marriage shall your love precede.

Why afraid,
Charming maid?
Wherefore deem my love a shame?
Wherefore, pray,
Turn away,
And throw water on my flame?

Oh, refrain,
From disdain,
Let me have some hope at least;
I'll fulfil
What you will,
Let me but on kisses feast.

Oh, my fair,
I'll despair,
If you do my love decline;
Love is free,
Therefore be
My bewitching Valentine.

The Lady's Answer.

YOU pretend
You're a friend,
But it is a vain pretence;
You're unkind,
And shall find
I've a little common sense.

You declare
I am fair,
That I have a handsome face;
Ere you taste,
Of the feast,
The good parson shall say grace.

Foolish man,
To trepan,
If you cou'd, by flatt'ry's spell;
Beauty gain'd,
Soon's disdain'd,
But I know its value well.

If your flame
E'er became
Ardent, it wou'd burn again·
But no doubt,
'Twill go out,
Marriage is the *water* then.

From a Lady to a Deist.

You say that your heart
Is griev'd by a smart,
I tell you I do not believe:
And pray why not take
Th' excuse that I make,
For it is the same reason you give.

Besides you complain,
Of wonderful pain,
Which truly I don't comprehend.
'Tis strange you exclaim—
The cause is the same,
Why you don't to myst'ries attend.

From a Gentleman to a Coquet.

My charmer, if I don't mistake,
Will ponder on every line;
I know that at heart she's a rake,
And courts every fond Valentine.

No doubt you've a great many more,
Some charming, some elegant lines!
You've a dozen—perhaps you've a score;
Add this to your fond Valentines.

From a Lady to a Rake.

THINK not, gay deceiver,
I'm a fond believer,
Your promises are air;
Oh, long did I discover,
You're a gen'ral lover,
Attach'd to any fair.

Let whatever belle come,
You will make her welcome,
Soft nonsense you've by heart;
Let her tho' be wary,
Or your strange vagary,
May cause a lasting smart.

From a Gentleman to a Lady fond of Cards.

MY Queen of Hearts,
A rubber starts;
She'll follow then a suit.
I'll win the game,
Or I'm to blame;
My tricks she'll not dispute.

I'm in the dumps,
I have no trumps,
But honors I can show:
Pray can you one?
The game is won,
So up the cards we'll throw.

From a Lady to a Gentleman on the same occasion.

'Tis not, I say,
Your turn to play,
And so I'll call a card;
Don't think to win,
When you begin,
My honor I shall guard.

Without a joke,
You can revoke,
And you have tricks enough;
Why shuffle so?
You cut I know,
I like not men who'se rough.

The game is mine,
A Valentine
You certainly have lost;
You've play'd the knave,
My trump I save,
And your court-cards I've cross'd.

From a Lady to a very Young Gentleman.

I HATE a Hobble-de-hoy,
That's neither man nor boy;
I'll certainly decline
A childish Valentine.

I hate your foolish ways,
Nay, every body says,
Were you an age to see,
A child you still wou'd be.

From a Gentleman to a Jilt.

BELIEVE me, I very much fear,
You're volatile and insincere;
You want a protector—a home,
And care not what person may come.

You know not the feelings of love,
Or you never cou'd wander and rove;
Affection you never shou'd name,
For at int'rest only you aim.

I know you, and know you are one,
Who'd soon be another's anon;
Who ever made offers more fine,
You'd quickly be his Valentine.

I will not be harsh or upbraid,
But wish you may die an old maid;
Indeed, I can almost divine,
You'll keep no sincere Valentine.

From a Lady to a pedantic Gentleman.

Oh, pray this Valentine don't tear,
For 'tis black letters I declare;
And every black-letter'd book,
I know is honor'd with a look.

I understand—I've got the hint—
That Dr. Syntax you've in print—
Yes, Dr. Syntax, the renown'd,
Whose understanding is profound.

His picture you're exactly like,
The semblance every one must strike—
The figure lank—the look demure—
You're Dr. Syntax, I am sure.

Love is a noun—I'm in the mood
For learning—love is understood;
Will you the substantive decline?
Pray construe right my Valentine.

From a Gentleman in the College to a Lady.

ATTEND, I do beseech,
Unto my parts of speech,
And I will quickly teach
What little Cupid starts;
Then be not, pray, supine,
You must not love decline,
But parse my Valentine,
For I'm a Man of Parts.

From a Young Lady to a Gentleman in the College.

I'VE heard of your renown,
And of your learning mellow;
You wear a cap and gown,
And will be styled a Fellow.

Tho' relatives combine,
To banter, rail, and bellow,
I'll send this Valentine,
To my bewitching Fellow.

I hope before the sun
Emits his radiance yellow;
My Valentine may run,
To my dear charming Fellow

Accept these humble lines;
I know, and therefore tell you,
Among all Valentines,
I cou'd not find your fellow.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

YOU want not beauty—want not sense,
You want not men to pray;
You never want for a pretence,
When you want not to stay.

And yet you have your wants, I swear,
You want to be benign;
You want for candor to declare
You want a Valentine.

Answer from the Lady.

You want not impudence to write,
Like every other rake;
You want not language to indite,
You want not vows to make.

But you want graee to be sincere—
Want manners to refine—
You want, for honor, and, I fear,
You'll want a Valentine.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

Two or three lines I shall send you again,
Two or three smiles may I hope to obtain?
Two or three times have I tried for the same;
Two or three rivals have smother'd my flame.

Two or three days shall not pass away, ere
Two or three kisses I have from my fair.
Two or three vows you shall have, Valentine
Two or three little ones soon shall be thine

The Lady's Answer.

Two or three times have I told you, indeed,
Two or three couplets I never wou'd read;
Two or three reasons I have for the same;
Two or three persons (I don't choose to name.)

Two or three weeks ago, said you cou'd write,
Two or three Valentines every night.
Two or three doubts, then, arose in my mind,
Two or three compliments only I'd find.

Two or three vows you can readily make;
Two or three lasses you'll court and forsake;
Two or three hints by my pen then I give,
Two or three promises I'll not believe.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

'Tis the fashion on this day,
Love-epistles to convey,
So I send a line;
'Tis the time to toy and play,
Oh, my charmer, prithee say,
Wilt thou then be mine?

Let us drive dull care away,
Let us fondle and be gay,
'Tis of love a sign—
I'll thy love indeed repay,
Then be mine, I beg and pray,
Charming Valentine!

The Lady's Answer.

Hence with fashion—idle way!
I'll its follies not obey,
Therefore I'll decline
Valentines, so very gay,
Written only to betray,
And to undermine.

Thus, my sentiments I say,
That henceforward, Sir, you may
All your hopes resign;
Seek another, then, I pray,
But I'm sure you will not stay
With your Valentine.

A different kind of Answer.

I've received your pretty lay,
With attention read, I say,
Every pretty line;
You desire me to be gay,
May I hope tho' for fair play,
If I so incline?

Let's be wise upon this day,
No false compliments let's pay,
'Tis of love no sign;
If true honor you display,
Then in vain you will not pray
For a Valentine.

From a Lady or Gentleman, to either a Lady or Gentleman, with a long Nose.

Believe me, for I am sincere,
And do not mean to scoff;
I wou'd approach you, but, I fear,
Your nose wou'd keep me off.

A nose, they say, adorns the face;
Its beauty tho' I doubt,
Whene'er the handle in that place,
Is such a frightful snout!

It is an enemy to love,
Poor children will be scared;
I wish you cou'd an inch remove,
For it cou'd well be spared.

From a Lady or Coxcomb to either Sex with a Hump.

You carry such a load behind,
Your ribs will surely crack;
How disagreeable you find
That hump upon your back!

Tho' every body must allow,
The burthen's very great,
You are, I do protest and vow,
A personage of weight.

From a Lady or Gentleman, to either, who affects a nice Pronunciation.

YOUR language, I confess, is fine,
And your deliv'ry nice;
But I must have a Valentine
That is not so precise.

While you are mincing every line,
You think your accents good;
But I shall have a Valentine
That can be understood.

Don't think our language to refine,
When syllables you skip;
I am resolv'd my Valentine
Shall never make a trip.

I pray then to advice incline;
Such mincing is absurd;
Perhaps you'll get a Valentine
If you don't clip the word.

From a Lady to a Hairbrained Gentleman.

THIS rodomontading give over,
And do not to wildness incline;
When I common sense can discover,
I'll send your proposed Valentine.

From a Gentleman to a Lady.

I THOUGHT you had a bloom, fair saint,
But you derive your bloom from paint;
I thought you smelt like any rose,
But you are perfumed, I suppose;

I thought you were all Nature too
But it is Art which you pursue;
I thought you had a noble mind,
But you are ignorant, I find;
I thought you were an Angel—oh.
You are the Devil now I know.

From a Lady to a Gentleman.

I THOUGHT you honest and sincere,
But you're a hypocrite, I hear;
I thought you had delightful hair,
But 'tis a wig, as they declare;
I thought some sense you'd gain'd at school,
But now I find you are a fool;
I thought you wealthy, but they say,
Your tradesmens' bills you cannot pay;
I thought that honor was your plan,
But fear you are a dang'rous man.